

**TORRANCE ENTERPRISE**

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**THE CHILDREN'S CORNER**

By Mrs. N. K. Wood

**JACK AND JILL**

Boys do love horses, and to be able to have the control of one was the supreme delight of Jack, the eldest of two brothers. Old Dick was the family pride, a fine large bay that was as gentle as a dog. Jack watered and fed him night and morning, and it was a joy when this duty was to be performed, for when he rode proudly down to the river and allowed him to drink he claimed to have the right to a mad gallop up the hill to the barnyard gate. Jill watched this wonderful per-

formance with as much admiration as when Jack rode round the barnyard standing on old Dick's back, and he longed for the time when he could ride alone, for he was yet a little fellow. Well, it came! One Saturday afternoon the boys were very busy. Jack was making a sled and Jill was to have the first ride. The sled was finished. The tools were all put back in the wood shed, and Jack had finished the most wonderful piece of work he had ever done. The boys proceeded to harness old Dick to what they thought a sled good enough for any "feller on earth" to ride on. The runners were chopped out of green poles and made like real bought ones. Then the nice pine box was nailed securely on, giving it a grand appearance. A board nailed across composed a seat of honor. How splendid the turnout appeared as the two boys stood and admired their new possession. The harness was constructed out of a variety of ropes and leather straps that did credit to their ingenuity. Now Jill was promised the first ride, and it was time to water old Dick, so they opened the big gate, turned the royal vehicle toward the river and Jack seated Jill as driver and mounted the horse to guide him. They drove down the hill beautifully, old Dick drank and Jack turned the sled round and

mounted on the horse started for home. As usual, old Dick gave his well-trained performance and the mad gallop was enacted. Jill held on as long as the sled kept right side up, but the weakest place in the harness gave way, the sled turned turtle, spilling its load. Old Dick landed at the stable door with bits of rope and straps dangling at his heels, and a frantic lot of women and children gathered round the young charioteer, who was bleeding profusely. Killed, of course! they thought. The child was carried into the house and the blood washed off of his face, and before the doctor arrived on the scene of disaster the subject was on his feet displaying only a few bruises and cuts about his face, and their little song was: Jack and Jill went down the hill to fetch the horse to water, when Jack came proudly riding back, poor Jill came tumbling after.

Mr. S. Boone of Oak street, with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Zwensky of Redondo Blvd., returned the first of the week from a business trip near Fresno, where they were looking over ranch land they contemplate buying.

**True Detective Stories**

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**WHEN** Policeman William Lawrence of Bath, Me., was found in a dying condition—a bullet having drilled a hole through his lung—it was only natural that Dennis Tracey should take up the trail of the murderers. Tracey was Lawrence's closest friend on the force.

No one knew anything about the circumstances which led up to the crime, and, apparently, there was little hope of discovering any clue, because Lawrence, though not dead when discovered on the following morning, was extremely weak from exposure and loss of blood. According to the physicians, it was practically a certainty that he would die without recovering consciousness.

After leaving orders at the hospital that he was to be notified at once if his friend showed signs of being able to talk, Tracey visited the scene of the shooting in the hope of being able to find footprints or other evidence which would assist him in the search which he intended to make. The investigation, however, was entirely fruitless. The dying policeman's revolver had been fired three times, but without effect—for Tracey found the bullets lodged in the rafters of a nearby warehouse, sufficiently close together to provide a hazy outline of the place from which Lawrence's assailant must have fired. So far as Tracey was able to reconstruct the affair, Lawrence had come upon some one trying to break into the warehouse, had probably warned him by a shot over his head and followed that by two other shots which failed to take effect. The burglar had then turned and fired point blank at the policeman, dropping him where he stood.

But who was the other man? This was the question to which Tracey determined to devote as much time as necessary, the problem without a clue.

It was late the following night before Lawrence's condition showed any signs of change, and then only for the worse. The physicians gave him only a few hours to live, and Tracey hung continually over the bed, hoping for some word or sign which would provide an indication of the murderer's identity. Finally it came.

With an almost superhuman effort the dying officer raised himself on one elbow, and gathering every ounce of his fast-falling energy, whispered the single word:

"Wil-kin-son!"

Then he fell back, dead. But that last word was enough. Had it not been Tracey who heard it, it would have meant nothing—for the two officers had been secretly working on a number of recent warehouse burglaries and they alone knew of the suspected connection of Daniel Wilkinson, son of a prominent New Hampshire family, with the one-man thefts. Now Tracey knew that not only was Wilkinson guilty of the burglaries, but of a far greater crime—the murder of Policeman Lawrence.

Putting himself in the place of the criminal, Tracey felt certain that the latter would not remain in or around Bath. He must have known that Lawrence had recognized him, and would fear that the dying man would find some way of imparting this knowledge. It was probable, therefore, that he would head for some hiding-place where he would be comparatively safe.

Knowing that Wilkinson's family, in an effort to whiten the character of the black sheep, had sent him to sea a number of years before, Tracey thought it likely that the fugitive would attempt to join the crew of a sailing vessel and lose himself in a foreign port. He accordingly warned the authorities of all the New England sea ports to be on the watch for a man of Wilkinson's description, and then, securing leave of absence, he took up the search—combing the waterfronts of every city and town from the Canadian border to Boston.

It was nearly six months later, after he had almost abandoned hope, that Tracey wandered along the wharves at Bangor and spotted the man he wanted "porting" lumber into the schooner Good Intent, at the foot of the Railroad street wharf. Without a sound the policeman edged his way along the dock until he was behind Wilkinson, and then dropped on top of his man, flattening him to the deck. Almost before he knew what had happened the fugitive found himself handcuffed and on his way back to Bath, there to be convicted of the murder of William Lawrence, after one of the hardest-fought legal battles in the history of the state.

The fact that, in the shadow of the state prison wall at Thomaston, there stands today a headstone bearing the numerals "2695," does not close the case, for there are many who claim that the murderer had powerful friends who succeeded in saving him from the gallows and helped spirit him out of the country into the Canadian Northwest. But Tracey, who is now house detective at a big Florida hotel, considers that he fulfilled his obligations to his dead friend, when, after months of patient searching, he located the man who was responsible for Lawrence's death and produced the evidence which led to his conviction.

"Maybe Wilkinson is still alive," says Tracey, "but the soul of Bill Lawrence and my conscience are both at peace."

**LOMITA NEWS**

Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Maddocks of Oak street held a public auction at their home Tuesday and disposed of their dairy cows. They left on Thursday for their new home at Coreathers, Cal., where they purchased a forty acre alfalfa ranch from Mr. Girard of Hollywood.

Mrs. Brimecomb of Wilmington entertained a large party of friends and relatives from Lomita and San Pedro at her home Saturday evening in honor of Mr. Brimecomb's birthday anniversary. The invited guests met at the home of her sister, Mrs. Manuel Hendricks, and together called at the Brimecomb home and made it a grand surprise.

"Grapes of Gold"—Lomita Auditorium Saturday night.

Mrs. E. Bushore of Hollywood was a dinner guest Sunday of M and Mrs. J. White of Narbonne avenue.

A surprise farewell party was tendered Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Maddocks of Eshleman street Saturday evening before their departure to their new home near Fresno, Cal. Mrs. Julia Autry invited many Lomita friends and several relatives from Anaheim, Santa Ana and Compton attended. A jolly social evening was enjoyed. Before the departure of the guests a large cake was presented to the honorees from the Globe Bakery that had been prepared especially for this occasion. This with other refreshments and coffee were served.

"Grapes of Gold"—Lomita Auditorium Saturday night.

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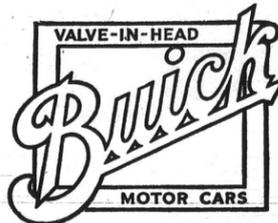
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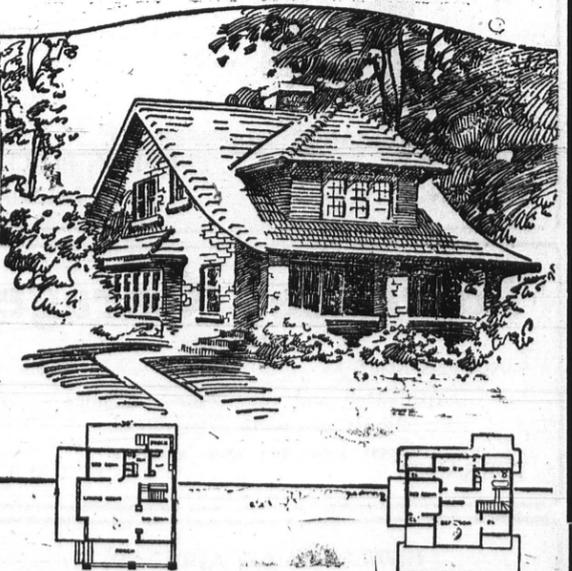
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